

The Future is Now

by jillthewriterpirate

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Summary: \*Set between 4a and 4b\* Storybrooke's short-lived peace is about to be shaken up by the arrival of visitors from the future. The Nevenagers must help their children save the future, all while avoiding disaster in the present. (Mostly Captain Swan with dashes of Snowing and Outlaw Queen.)

## 1. The Boy in the Woods

### Chapter One: The Boy in the Woods

Emma knew she was dreaming.

If it wasn't obvious by the fact that she was holding a bowl of perfectly formed ice cream in the middle of the forest, the boy jumping out of a tree and gliding to the ground definitely cleared things up.

He was a cute kid, with dark hair and big green eyes, dimples in his cheeks and a mischievous but endearing grin.

\_Nope\_, she thought, \_not cute, adorable.\_

By dream world logic, Emma thought it would be prudent to share her ice cream with the kid. She held it out, expecting him to take it. He wrinkled his nose.

"You know I hate that kind."

"Huh?"

One eyebrow rose. Wow that seemed familiar. "I hate chocolate ice cream."

"Who hates chocolate ice cream?"

"I do. You know that."

"How would I â€œ"

"Mom!"

Emma and the boy turned to see a figure running toward them.

"Henry!"

Emma watched in amazement as the boy ran toward her son, practically tackling him to the ground in his enthusiasm. Henry looked just as surprised as she felt as he returned the boy's embrace.

"Hey kid, do we know you?"

The boy turned back to her with that same look on his face, like \_come on\_. "Duh. I'm â€œ"

"Swan."

Emma tried to catch the words falling out of the boy's mouth but something was shaking her. Her hand came up to swat at whatever it was and made contact with cool leather. She blinked open her eyes, meeting the bright sunlight of the afternoon streaming in from the windows. She lifted her head from where it rested on her desk, eyes coming into contact with the source of the shaking.

Hook raised an eyebrow. "Morning. Not enough sleep last night, eh?"

She groaned and let her head fall back on the pile of papers she'd been going through before her impromptu nap. She felt a set of very warm, calloused fingers on her neck, massaging the stiff muscles. A small moan escaped her lips before she could stop it.

"Ah, that's a nice sound."

Rolling her eyes, she sat up and started straightening the disarray of her desk as Killian walked over to the chair opposite her, body falling gracefully to the seat. He sat there watching her, blue eyes thoughtful.

"What?"

"Nothing. Did you have pleasant dreams?"

She threw a tissue in the wastebasket. "I guess. I don't remember much. I think there was ice cream, or something."

He made a face. "I'll never understand the appeal of your 'iced cream.' It's like swallowing frozen stones, especially that dreadful chocolate stuff. Much better hot than cold I say."

There was a flicker of something in the back of her mind. "What?"

"I said I don't care for your chocolate iced cream, love."

"You don'tâ€œ" she mouthed the words, grasping at the fleeting memory that was trying to form in the recesses of her brain, the last

vestiges of whatever it had been were fading fast. There was the ice cream, but what else? Eyes, green eyes, a charming smile, cute. Cute, no, adorable, that was it.

She chuckled as the memory of the little boy flooded her thoughts.

Killian smiled across from her, leaning over to rest his chin on his hand. "What's got you tickled, darling?"

She shook her head. "I just remembered that there was a little boy in my dream, a really cute boy, and I offered him some chocolate ice cream and he told me he didn't want it."

"Smart lad. Stuff's the devil in disguise."

She rolled her eyes. "I'll never understand how you can enjoy cake so much but not like ice cream. The two go hand in hand you know."

He grinned and stood up, stretching his muscles so that his shirt rose up a bit. He caught her looking and if possible his grin grew even wider, more smug.

"It's not such a great mystery, love. Now what say you and I go hand in hand out the door and get ourselves some sustenance, eh?"

It wasn't until she'd eaten a grilled cheese with a side of onion rings and walked back to the station with Killian that she remembered anything else from the dream and it was only that Henry had been there and the boy was about to tell her something right as she woke.

David was at the station when they arrived, looking tired from being kept up all night by Neal.

He was on the phone when they walked in. He glanced up and gestured them over.

"Got it. We'll head that way." He hung up the phone. "That was Marco. Apparently there's been some kind of disturbance near his house. Flashing lights, strange noises."

"It almost sounds like a portal," Killian said from where he lounged on Emma's desk.

Emma couldn't hold back a groan. "No more portals. Can't we make it a month without something magical happening in this town?"

David smiled and clapped her on the shoulder. "Welcome to Storybrooke, Sheriff."

"Ugh, Neal you're squashing me!"

"Sorry"

"Leia, please get your foot off my throat."

Neal looked up to see Leia and Roland untangling themselves. He stood up and offered a hand to his sister. "Looks like we made it."

Eva rolled her eyes and took his hand. "Nice input, genius." She swept off the dirt her clothing had accumulated on the trip, looking around. "Where's Liam?"

"Up here."

They all looked up to see Liam perched in a tree, grinning down at them.

Eva put her hands on her hips. "Liam, we have to find our parents. We don't have time to play."

Liam smirked at her. Even at ten he was alarmingly precocious, a lot like his father. "Last time I checked, Eva, you're only a year older than me."

Neal folded his arms. "I'm older than both of you so I say get down Liam."

He rolled his eyes but jumped down, landing as gracefully as a cat.

"So," Roland started, looking around at the clearing they had appeared in, "any idea where we are?"

His sister, Kelly, who had been staring off into space, said, "We're obviously in Storybrooke, probably the outskirts."

Leia started to cry. "I want mommy and daddy."

Eva hugged her. "We'll find them. They can't be far."

Liam whistled. "What makes you think they'll believe who we are? Roland and Neal don't look the same and the rest of usâ€" "

"Shh! Everybody hide, someone's coming," Roland hissed.

Eva pulled Leia behind a tree with Neal while Roland and Kelly found a patch of underbrush. Liam scrambled back up the tree.

Six pairs of eyes watched as three people stepped into the clearing.

Marco told them he had heard a sound like a tornado not far from his workshop and when he came out to see what it could be there had been a huge burst of yellow light coming from the trees near his home.

"Definitely sounds like a portal. Question is: who came through it?"

David cocked his gun. "Guess we'll find out."

They slowly made their way to the place Marco had pointed out, keeping close together, David at the front, Killian at the back.

As they got closer, Emma thought she heard voices, what sounded like children.

They finally made it to a small clearing, one that looked like it had

been through a small wind storm, grass and dirt torn up and limbs lying strewn.

Emma lowered her gun. "Looks like a portal. Now where wouldâ€" "

"Mommy! Daddy! "

A little girl, one that couldn't be older than five or six, was running full speed at Emma and Killian. She had blonde hair, the color of gold, and from the brief glimpse Emma got of her face before the small body slammed into her, bright blue eyes.

"Uhâ€" " She looked at Killian who held a similar look of shock.

The little girl raised her head, blue eyes meeting green. "I missed you. "

"Whaâ€" "

"Sorry, she's just scared. Us coming here was kind of a last minute thing. "

Emma, David, and Killian looked up to see a boy, about fourteen or fifteen, standing nearby with a girl who looked to be about eleven. The boy had dark blonde hair while the girl was a brunette. Both shared the same green eyes.

"Who are you?" David asked as another boy, this one slightly older and a girl around thirteen or so with startingly red hair walked over to stand near the other two.

"Isn't it obvious?" Another boy jumped out of a tree, landing almost silently. Emma couldn't hold back her gasp at seeing him. It was the boy from her dream, the same dark hair swept charmingly over his forehead, the same lively green eyes, with the charming dimples and mischievous grin.

He smiled into her eyes and she felt for a moment as if she was looking into a mirror. "We're your kids. "

## 2. Convergence

### Chapter Two: Convergence

"Wait-what? "

Emma gaped at the boy who had just told her she was his mother, or had he just said they were their parents? It didn't matter. Either one was impossible.

Sensing her disbelief, he quirked an eyebrow. "Dad said you wouldn't believe it at first. "

She was about to ask who his father was but what was the point? He was obviously Killian's and she chided herself for not realizing it before. The kid was a miniature version of the pirate, all except for the eyes and a few other tiny tale-tell features.

"I have a son?"

Emma turned to look at Killian, who was staring at Liam like he didn't know whether to hug him or run. She could sympathize.

"Mommy, you have to help us."

She looked down to see the little girl was still clinging to her, blue eyes imploring. She marveled at how much she looked like herself and Killian. That would take some getting used to. Without thinking, she smoothed a hand over the girl's head.

"What do you need help with exactly?"

The blond boy stepped forward, casting a timid smile at David and Emma noticed yet another resemblance. This boy wasn't her son, but her brother.

"The future is in danger."

David, who had been standing next to Emma, taking everything in with an increasingly astonished expression on his face, quickly sobered up.

"I think you'd better tell us your names, and then we'll figure out how to help you."

Neal gestured to himself. "I'm Neal." Emma watched David physically react to the news, walking forward and hugging the boy. When he pulled back his eyes looked misty.

Neal grinned and indicated the girl next to him. "This is Eva, my sister."

Eva smiled as David swept her up.

Neal went on to introduce the older boy as Roland-that was a shock-and the girl as his sister Kelly.

He waved his hand at the girl clinging to her. "That's Leia and this is-

"Liam."

Emma felt Killian tense up at the name. She watched him move forward, kneel down and put a hand on the boy's shoulder. It was even more apparent, side by side, that they were father and son. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment before Liam grinned and threw his arms around Killian's neck.

Emma tried not to feel so choked up but it was probably the weirdest and yet most amazing thing she'd ever experienced, seeing her boyfriend of only a few weeks hugging their son, \_their son\_ that had just appeared from the future.

She felt a tug on her jacket and looked down to see the girl smiling at her and raising her arms.

\_Does she want me to pick her up?\_

Emma bent down and lifted the girl, Leia, she thought Neal had said. Leia put her little arms around Emma's neck and rested her head against her shoulder.

Killian and Liam had broken apart and were looking at her. She tried not to feel too embarrassed as Killian walked over and placed his hand on Leia's head. The little girl smiled at him and reached for his hook, earning a shocked look that quickly morphed into a tender expression from Killian.

David cleared his throat. "I think we'd better get to the loft and figure out what the hell is going on."

Emma thought she'd never agreed with him more.

They eventually made it the loft after some debate over who would ride with who, to be received by an extremely perplexed Snow, who, when told of Neal and Eva's identities had promptly burst into tears and hugged them both so tightly Emma was afraid she would squeeze them to death.

She was currently showing Eva and Leia Neal as a baby while the older Neal stood on the other side of the room and tried not to look at them as Liam teased him mercilessly.

Roland and Kelly had taken seats at the bar and were drinking some tea Snow had made. That was something Emma had yet to make sense of, among all the other crazy things that had happened. Why was Robin Hood's son, the Robin Hood who had recently left Storybrooke, with their children? And who did Kelly belong to? She didn't look like anyone Emma could think of.

"It's quite a shock, isn't it, love?" She felt Killian's hand on her waist and turned to see him standing close to her, gazing at Liam as he tormented Neal.

She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and placed her hand over his. "That's an understatement. I can't believe I ever have kids other than Henry. I still think I'm not cut out to be a mother to him sometimes."

His lips quirked in a gentle smile. "You are the best mother that boy could have and I'm honored to have children with you."

"It isn't weird for you? I mean, we've barely been dating. How can you be okay with this, this confirmation that I'm it for you?"

"Because I've known you were it for me for quite some time."

She tried not to let her feelings show: the shock, the acceptance, the love. She knew he'd had feelings for her since Neverland but she'd clearly underestimated him and the strength of his feelings for her. It made her feel guilty, but a part of her, a part she now realized was growing more every day, was beginning to think that she wanted him to be it for her too, that she wanted to be worthy of his devotion and love.

For a girl who'd had her heart broken more than once, it was both frightening and exhilarating.

End  
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